

## **50**+

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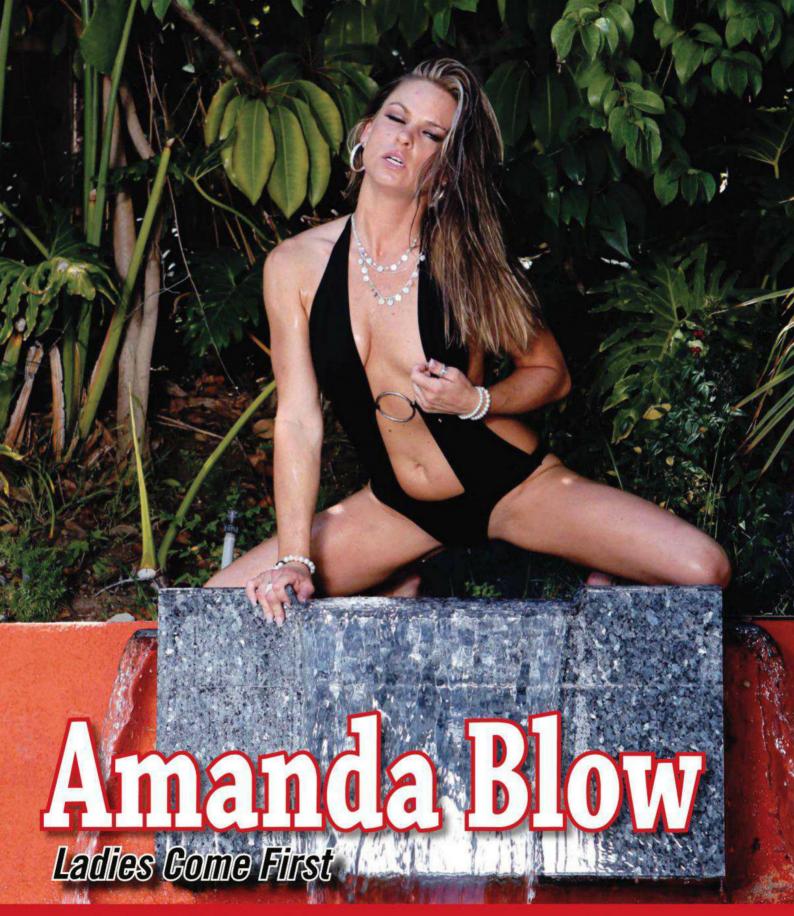












Amanda still has it. She'd always had the type of magnetism, where she'd walk into a room and people would stop mid-sentence and stare. She had that certain je ne sais quoi - that fusion of aggression and eroticism, which is hard for a woman to pull off. Amanda did pull it off though, and pulled it off well. The progression of years hasn't diminished her attractiveness or drive; if anything, she feels more confident than ever, because, at her age, she has nothing to lose.



























On the surface, Heidi seems like any normal middle-aged woman, fond of tending her azaleas, baking cookies for her 2 grandkids, and a doting owner of a giant cat named Jeeves. Few people know the real Heidi - a few very lucky people, we might add. She'd never been one to talk much about sex; she'd always believed more in actions than in words. It didn't take much to talk like a slut, the real effort came in truly acting like one. Fellows, meet the real Heidi.









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If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them - or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

My wife lets me have the basement of our house all to myself. And off a locked door in the furnace room, is my real man-cave, where I'm in total charge.

"How's it hanging, Ginger?" I joked, slipping inside the room and looking at the busty redhead trussed up to the overhead rail.

She was completely naked, her arms pulled up over her head by leather cuffs at the wrists secured to a heavy-duty steel chain that ran up and through the iron railing embedded in the ceiling. I could pull the chain tighter, or loosen it, raise the woman higher or lower on her painted toes.

Long, red hair cascaded down her upraised shoulders, shone under the glare of the single overhead bulb, her lush, curvy body blazing creamywhite, large, pink-nippled breasts dangling down off her heaving chest. The ginger fur of her pussy glinted.

I unhooked the end of the chain from a bracket in the wall and gave it vank when she didn't respond, pulling her almost right up off the ground, her arms jerking taut. She gasped, her stretched body tremoring.

The room wasn't much bigger than a walk-in closet, the cement floor carpeted, cement walls corkboarded. No one could hear a sound outside.

I hooked the chain back into the bracket and stripped off my clothes. Ginger watched me, mascara streak-



## MAN-CAVE

ing her cheeks, her blue eyes gleaming. When I was as naked as she was, I stepped up and slapped her tits. She twisted and moaned. I smacked her left breast, leaving a red mark behind on the soft, plush, pale flesh. I jolted her right tit with my left hand, the crack of skin against skin filling the heated room. Juices ran down Ginger's shivering thighs.

"Feeding time," I said, unhooking

the chain again, letting it run slack this time. Ginger sagged to her knees, at my hard, jutting cock.

I gripped my dick with my free hand and slapped her face with it. My shaft thudded against her cheek, hood skimming across her lips. Her face reddened even more.

I dick-slapped her the other way. Then I shot my hood into her gaping mouth and stuffed four inches of shaft home. She gagged, snot bubbling out of her nose, her body jerking. She bit down on my prick.

"Bitch!" I yelped, whipping my cock out of her mouth.

I wrapped a ball-gag around her head and fastened it tight. Her thick, red lips squirmed against the shiny orange ball, her nostrils and cheeks billowing. I shoved my hairy sack up against her nose, cutting off her air, teaching her a valuable lesson about fighting back.

When I finally pulled my pouch away from her face, her eyes were soft and compliant, her body limp. I jerked hard on the chain, shooting her up taut again, onto her tip-toes. That's how I left her, strung up, stretched full-length, as I walked in behind the woman.

Ginger's buttocks were swollen mounds of thick, rich, milky flesh. I smacked her right cheek with an open hand, her left with my other hand. Her body quivered, buttocks rippling, toes scrambling at the carpet. I flattened my hand into a lethal blade and slashed it across both her cheeks at once. The ball-gag caught most of her scream.

The leather strap was lying on the floor. It was the kind principal's used to use on misbehaving students, a foot-long, inch-wide, quarter-inch-thick strip of hardened leather. I picked it up, touched the tip against Ginger's reddened bottom. She full-body shuddered, knowing. I cracked the strap across her rump.

Reaching around and clutching a tit, holding her steady, I whacked the woman's ass again and again and again, savagely spanking her. Red strips flared hot on her trembling cheeks, faded, ridged angry white, as I brutally beat her, whaled her ass.

Only when her bum was well and truly blistered, did I drop the strap and grab onto my cock, slot the iron-hard length into Ginger's burning butt cleavage. My cock throbbed



in the heated valley. I grasped both of her huge tits from behind and pumped my dong back and forth along her crack.

She whimpered. I grunted. Too soon, pre-cum boiled out of my slit, and I had to pull my cock out of the woman's ass cleavage.

I paused only for a moment to lube my straining erection. Then I rammed my cap in between Ginger's battered cheeks and plowed up against her sensitive pucker. She jumped, then relaxed her butt muscles, and I drove my cock right through her ring and deep into her ass.

I fucked her chute in a frenzy, pounding into her ass tunnel from behind, gripping her tits and viciously twisting her nipples. The cuffs on her wrists squeaked, the chain creaking overhead. I breathed

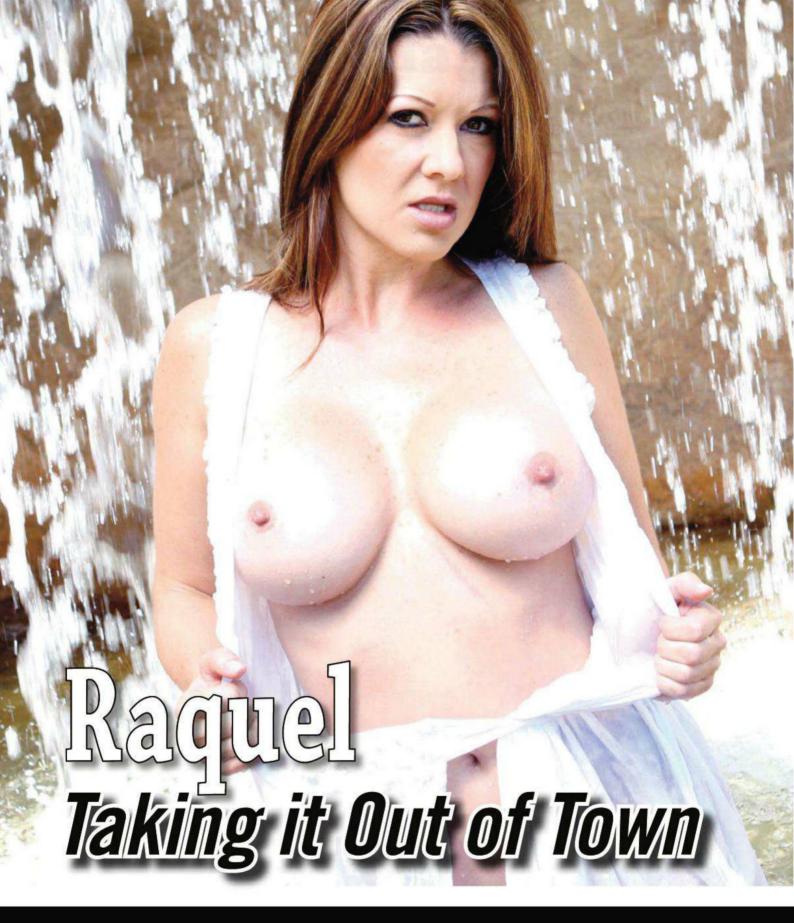
hot and heavy into her burning red ear, my thighs cracking her ass, cock pistoning anus.

And just before I jerked, jetted sizzling semen up Ginger's ass, I dropped a hand off a tit and down to her clit and violently rubbed. She vibrated, butt clamping down on my shooting cock, orgasm exploding through her body like mine, scorching the both of us.

I helped her sneak up the stairs and out the backdoor.

The basement is my territory, but my wife patrols the rest of the house like she owns it.

- Josh Canton



Raquel had never been able to keep her legs closed. Thankfully, her husband was oblivious of her exploits, because the poor man would have been crushed. She didn't do it to be malevolent; it just seemed that the "say no" part of her brain had been disconnected, and she was helpless when it came to controlling her lusts. Throughout the years, she'd been seduced by many a man, many of them with families of their own, which helped keep her exploits from becoming public knowledge.













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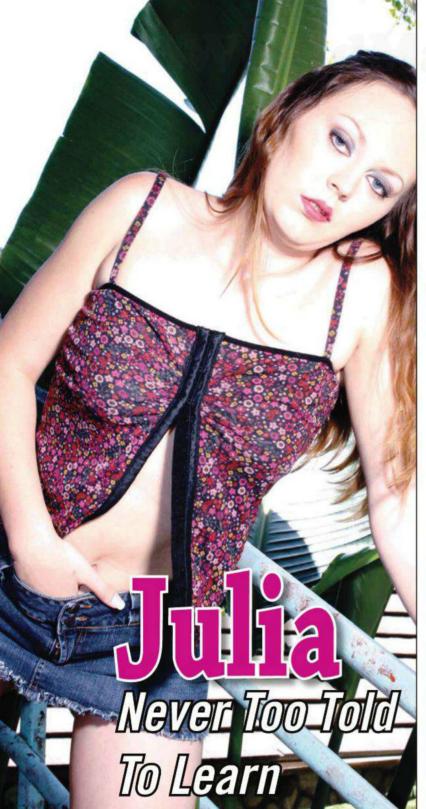


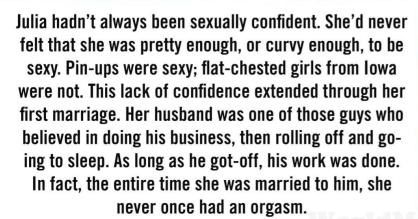
























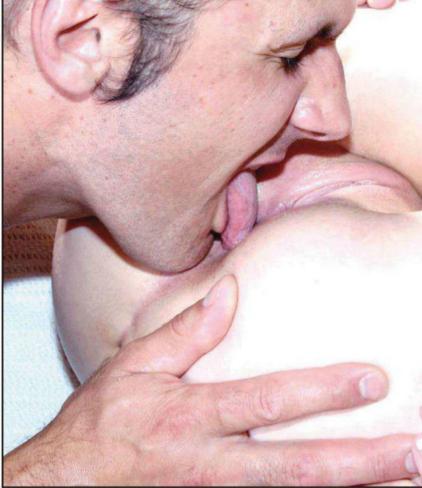
















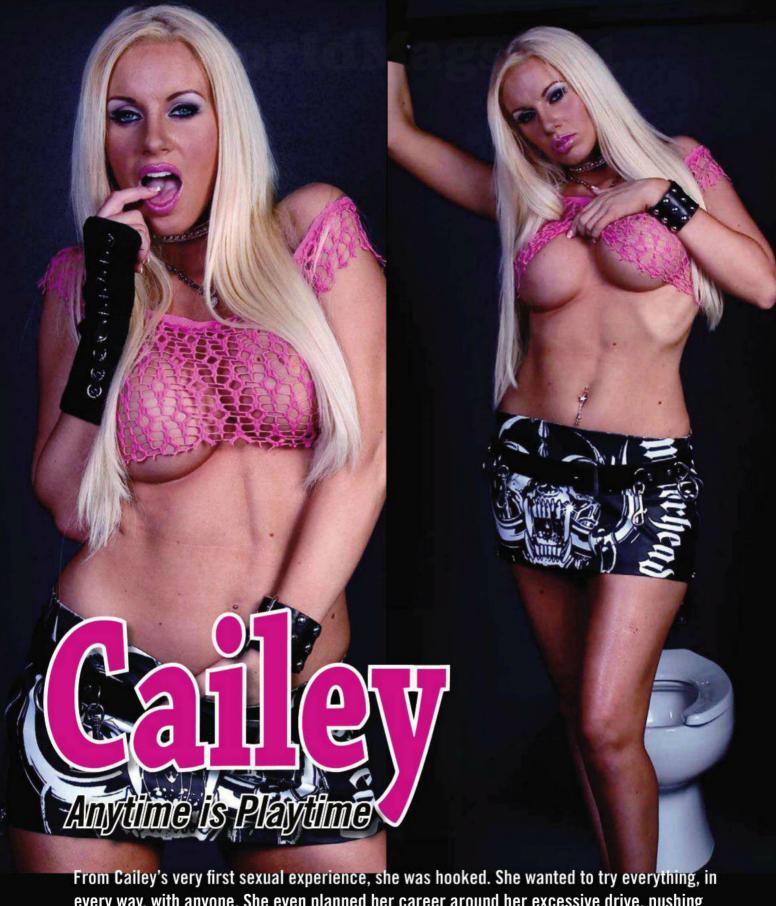






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every way, with anyone. She even planned her career around her excessive drive, pushing long-necks at a raunchy roadhouse, so she had a constant supply of randy men, willing to help her get her sexual fix. She couldn't even count the number of people she'd bedded, and though over the years, men had fallen in love with her - or, more likely her pussy - she'd never labored under romantic misconceptions. She had no use for relationships - they cramped her

style, and settling down was the last thing on her mind.































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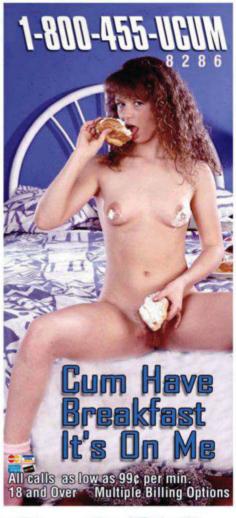












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### Words To Get You Off

#### **HONEY TRAP**

Il was super excited when I heard I'd be sharing a room with Tricia on our road trip. There was just something about the tall, willowy brunette that made me weak in the knees, my throat dry up and my hands get all clammy, right from the beginning when she'd first shown up for the tennis team tryouts.

She'd stepped out onto the college indoor court, her long legs pouring out of a short white skirt, her pointed nipples just about busting right through a tight white top, brown hair shining in a ponytail and violet eyes flashing, and I'd been love-struck. I forgot all about boys and focused all my attention on Tricia.

So, when I opened our hotel room door on the second day of the road trip, and saw her lying asleep on her bed almost totally naked, I just had to do something about it. The naughty opportunity just presented itself, and I was so wicked horny after two days upclose with the girl that I wanted to scream — had screamed in the locker room washrooms, when no one was around, rubbing myself to delirious orgasm thinking about beautiful Tricia.

I'd been the perfect young lady the first day and night, making love to tall, tanned Tricia only with my eyes and mind. We'd played our matches, eaten our meals, mingled with the other girls on the other teams, and gone to bed early.

But this was too much — Tricia stretched out right before me, her top rolled up over her breasts and her skirt pulled up over her pussy. I bit my lip, breathing hard, staring at the sleeping girl. Her nipples were a darker brown than the

rest of her skin, her pussy neatly trimmed along the sides and at the top. It was three in the afternoon, and the sun streaming in through the window bathed her body in a golden light.

Tricia's left hand lay on one of her breasts, her right hand on her thigh, next to her pussy. It sure looked like I'd caught the gorgeous girl napping right after masturbating. A thrill ran through me. She looked so soft and sexy, her hair fanned out on the pillow, eyes closed. I licked my lips, staring, scheming.

I pulled off my tennis shoes and set my racquet down on the floor. And then I promptly tripped over the racquet and shoes, letting out a bleat of distress and landing full-length on top of Tricia.

Her eyes popped open on impact and she stared into my face, only inches away. "Whoops, sorry," I breathed into her face. "I guess I tripped over all the junk on the floor."

She wetted her glossy lips with the tip of her neon-pink tongue, and smiled. Her warm breath flooded my face, her warm body beneath mine flooding my pussy. Our taut breasts pressed together, our bare thighs burning against one another.

It was more than I could take. So I pressed my advantage, pushing my head down and kissing my team-mate on the lips.

Tricia's eyes went wide. I kissed her again. My game plan was clear, my lust out in the open. The ball was in her court. I stuck out my tongue — and Tricia brushed the tip of it with her soft, wet tongue. Ace!

Our tongues danced together. I tin-

gled all over, feeling the beautiful girl grow even warmer underneath me. I grabbed her head and ran my trembling fingers through her silky hair. She wrapped me in her arms, squeezing me tight. Our mouths sealed together, deep-kissing one another.

I'd never been with a girl before, wasn't sure how to make love to one. But I knew what I liked. So I did it to Tricia.

Breaking away from her mouth, I slid down her body a bit and grasped her bare tits. She moaned, arching upwards. Her breasts were firm and hot. I squeezed them, popping her jutting nipples up even higher, right into my mouth. I sucked on one rubbery

pressed my pantied pussy against Tricia's bare cun.

We both gasped, each of us so wet we were dripping. I pumped my hips, grinding my pussy into Tricia's. She gripped my butt cheeks and dug her nails into my bum, urging me on. We kissed, frenched, our bodies urgently moving together, pussies rubbing and rubbing.

I thought I'd explode, the wetvelvet friction sooo intense.

I did explode, moaning into Tricia's mouth and going off in her arms, surging with orgasm.

She came right along with me, our pussies and bodies melting to-



bud, sucked on her other nipple, gazing into her shining eyes.

"Ohmigod, that feels so good!" she murmured, clutching at my long, dark hair, watching me suck her tits.

But I could only make love to her breasts for so long, because my pussy was absolutely molten. I was so turned-on by the situation I just couldn't control myself. I clawed up my own tennis skirt and

gether. It was the most exquisite series of orgasms I'd ever experienced. Same with Tricia.

When she cuddled me in her arms afterwards, she admitted that she'd had feelings for me all along, too. In fact, she'd deliberately sprawled out half-naked on her bed and pretended to be asleep, hoping I'd fall into her honey trap. Game, set and match!

-Carly Morton'





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